BYNOPSIS.

The scene at the opening of the story is faild in the library of an old worn-out southern plantation, known as the Barony. The place is to be sold, and its history and that of the owners, the Quintards, is the subject of discussion by Jonathan Crenshaw, a business man, a stranger known as Bladen, and Bob Yancy, a farmer, when Hannibal Wayne Hazard, a mysterious child of the old southern family, makes his appearance. Tancy tells how he adopted the boy. Nathanici Ferris buys the Barony, but the Quintards deny any knowledge of the boy. Yancy to keep Hannibal. Captain Murrell, a friend of the Quintards, appears and asks questions about the Barony. Trouble at Scratch Hill, when Hannibal is kidnaped by Dave Blount, Captain Murrell's agent. Yancy overtakes Blount, sives him a thrashing and secures the boy. Yancy appears before Squire Balsam, and is discharged with costs for the plaintiff. Betty Mairoy, a friend of the Ferrises, has an encounter with Captain Murrell, who forces his attentions on her, and is rescued by Bruce Carrington. Betty sets out for her Tennessee home. Carrington takes the same stage. Yancy and Hannibal disappear, with Murrell on their trail. Hannibal arrives at the home of Judge Slocum Price. The Judge recognises in the boy, the grandson of an old time friend. Murrell arrives at Judge's home. Cavendish family on raft rescue Yancy, who is apparently dead. Price breaks jail. Betty and Carrington arrive at Belle Plain. Is playing for big stakes. Yancy awakes from long dreamies sleep on board the raft, Judge Price makes starting discoveries in looking up land titles. Charley Norton, a young planter, who assists the judge, is mysteriously assaulted. Norton informs Carrington that Betty has promised to marry him. Norton is mysteriously shot, Morellant, with subject of the overseer, who warns Betty of danger and counsels her to leave Belle Plain at once. Betty, terrified, sects on Bess' advice, and oh their way their carriage it stopped by Sloason, the tavers keeper, and a reveals his part in the piot a

CHAPTER XXV. (Continued.) "Hues!" cried Murrell in astonishment, for the man confronting him was the Clan's messenger who should

have been speeding across the state.

"Toss up your hands, Murrell," said

Hues quietly. One of the other men spoke.

"You are under arrest!" "Arrest!" "You are wanted for nigger-stealing," said the man. Still Murrell die not seem to comprehend. He looked

at Hues in duli wonder. "What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Waiting to arrest you-ain't that plain?" said Hues, with a grim smile. The outlaw's hands dropped at his side, limp and helpless. With some idea that he might attempt to draw a weapon one of the men took hold of him, but Murrell was nerveless to his touch; his face had gone a ghastly white and was streaked with the markings of terror.

"Well, by thunder!" cried the man in utter amazement.

Murrell looked into Hues' face "You-you-" and the words thick ened on his tongue, becoming an in articulate murmur.

"It's all up, John," said Hues. "No!" said Murrell, recovering him-

self. "You may as well turn me toose -you can't arrest me!" T've done it," answered Hues. "I've

been on your track for six months." "How about this fellow?" asked the man whose pistol still covered Ware. Hues glanced toward the planter and shook his head. "Where are you going to take me?"

asked Murrell quickly, Again Hues laughed. "You'll find that out in plenty of

the word around if they like; now you'll come with me." Ware neither moved nor spoke as

along the path, Hues with his hand on Murrell's shouler, and one of his companions close at his heels, while

Presently the distant clatter of hoofs was borne to Ware's ears-only that; the miracle of courage and daring he had half expected had not happened. Murrell, for all his wild boasting, was like other men, like himself. His bloodshot eyes sild around in had reached him, he would send one stranger named Cavendish had forced

their sockets. There across the suplit stretch of water was Betty-the thought of her brought him to quick choking terrors. The whole fabric of crime by which he had been benefited in the past or had expected to profit in the future seemed toppling in upon him, but his mind clutched one important fact. Hues, if he knew of Betty's disappearance, did not connect Murrell with it. Ware sucked in comfort between his twitching lips. Stealing niggers! No one would beleve that he, a planter, bad a hand in that, and for a brief instant he considered signaling Bess to return. Slosson must be told of Murrell's arrest; but he was sick with apprehension, some trap might have been prepared for him, he could not know; and the impulse to act forsook him.

He smote his hands together in a hopeless, beaten gesture. And Murrell had gone weak-with his own eyes he had seen it-Murrell-whom he believed without fear! He felt that he had been grievously betrayed in his trust and a hot rage poured through him. At last he climbed into the saddle, and, swaying like a

drunken man, galloped off. When he reached the river road he paused and scanned its dust surface. Hues and his party had turned south when they issued from the wood path. No doubt Murrell was being taken to Memphis. Ware laughed harshly. The outlaw would be free before another dawn broke.

He had halted near where Jim had turned his team the previous night after Betty and Hannibal had left the carriage; the marks of the wheels were as plainly distinguishable as the more recent trail left by the four men. and as he grasped the significance of that wide half circle his sense of injury overwhelmed him again. He

hoped to live to see Murrell hanged! He was so completely lost in his bitter reflections that he had been unaware of a mounted man who was coming toward him at a swift gallop. but now he heard the steady pounding of hoofs and, startled by the sound, looked up. A moment later the horseman drew rein at his side.

"Ware!" he cried. "How are you, Carrington?" said the planter.

"You are wanted at Belle Plain," began Carrington, and seemed to hesitate.

"Yes-yes, I am going there at once -now-" stammered Ware, and gathered up his reins with a shaking hand. "You've heard, I take it?" said Car-

BIOWIY "Yes," answered Ware, in a hoarse whisper. "My God, Carrington, I'm heart sick; she has been like a daughter to me-i-" he fell slient, mopping his face.

"I think I understand your feeling, said Carrington, giving him a level glance.

"Then you'll excuse me," and the planted clapped spurs to his horse. Once he looked back over his shoulder; he saw that Carrington had not moved from the spot where they had

At Belle Plain, Ware found his neighbors in possession of the place. They greeted him quietly and spoke in subdued tones of their sympathy.

When he could he shut himself in his room. He had experienced a day of maddening anxiety; he had not slept at all the previous night; in mind and body he was worn out; and now he was plunged into the thick of this sensation. He must keep control of himself.

He sought to forecast the happen ings of the next few hours. Murrell's was a foregone conclusion; but the insurrection he had planned was at an end. Hues had dealt its death blow. Moreover, though the law might be impotent to deal with Murtime, and then your friends can pass rell, he could not hope to escape the vengeance of the powerful class he had plotted to destroy; he would have to quit the country. Ware gloated in Hues and his prisoner passed back this idea of craven flight. Thank

God, he had seen the last of him! But, as always, his thoughts came back to Betty. Slosson would wait at the third man led off the outlaw's Hicks' place for the man Murrell had promised him, and, fatting the messenger, for the signal fire, but there would be neither; and Slosson would be left to determine his own course of action. Ware felt certain that he would walt through the night, but as sure as the morning broke, if no word knew himself to be compromised. The

-for in Ware's mind these three events were indissolubly associated. The planter's teeth knocked together. He was having a terrible acquaintance with fear, its very depths had swallowed him up; it was a black pit in which he sank from horror to horror. He had lost all faith in the Clan which had terrorized half a dozen states, which had robbed and murdered with apparent impunity, which had marketed its hundreds of stolen slaves. He had utterly collapsed at the first blow dealt the organization, but he was still seeing Murrell, pallid

and shaken. A step sounded in the hall and an without the formality of knocking. Ware recognized his presence with a glance of indifference, but did not speak. Hicks slouched to his employer's side and handed him a note which proved to be from Fentress. Ware read and tossed it aside.

"If he wants to see me why don't he come here?" he growled.

"I reckon that old fellow they call Judge Price has sprung something sudden on the colonel," said Hicks. "He was out here the first thing this morning; you'd have thought he owned Belle Plain. There was a couple of strangers with him, and he had me in and fired questions at me it?" he asked. for half an hour; then he hiked off up to The Oaks."

"Murrell's been arrested," said Ware in a duli level voice. Hicks gave him a glance of unmixed astonishment. "No!"

"Yes, by God!" "Who'd risk it?"

"Risk it? Man, he almost fainted lead away—a damned coward, Hell!" "How do you know this?" asked Hicks, appalled.

"I was with him when he was taken—it was Hues—the man he trusted more than any other!" Ware gave the overseer a ghastly grin and was silent, but in that silence he heard lawn. the drumming of his own heart. He went on. "I tell you, to save himself. John Murrell will implicate the rest of us; we've got to get him free. and then, by hell-we ought to knock him in the head; he isn't fit to live!" "The jail ain't built that'll hold

him!" muttered Hicks. "Of course, he can't be held," agreed Ware. "And he'll never be folks-" brought to trial; no lawyer will dare

of his men across the bayon, who must I an admission from him that Murren. learn of Murrell's arrest, escape, flight | would not condone if it came to his knowledge. He had also acquired a very proper and wholesome fear of Judge Slocum Price. He stepped close to Ware's side. "What'll come of the girl, Tom? Can you figure that out?" he questioned, sinking his voice almost to a whisper. But Ware was incapable of speech, again his terrors completely overwhelmed him. reckon you'll have to find another overseer. I'm going to strike out for Texas," said Hicks.

Ware's eyes met his for an instant. He had thought of flight, too; was still thinking of it, but greed was as much a part of his nature as fear; Belle Plain was a prize not to be lightinstant later Hicks entered the room | ly cast aside, and it was almost his. He lurched across the room to the window. If he were going to act, the sooner he did so the better, and gain a respite from his fears. The road down the coast slid away before his heavy eyes; he marked each turn, then a palsy of fear shook him, his heart beat against his ribs, and he stood gnawing his lips while he gazed

up at the sun. "Do you get what I say, Tom? 1 am going to quit these parts," said Hicks. Ware turned slowly from the window

"All right, Hicks. You mean you want me to settle with you, is that

"Yes, I'm going to leave while I can; maybe I can't later on," said Hicks stolidly. He added: "I am going to start down the coast as soon as it turns dark, and before it's day again I'll have put the good miles between me and these parts."

"You're going down the coast?" and Ware was again conscious of the quickened beating of his heart. Hicks nodded. "See you don't meet up with John Murrell," said Ware,

"I'll take that chance. It seems a heap better to me than staying here." Ware looked from the window. The shadows were lengthening across the

"Better start now, Hicks," he advised.

"I'll wait until it turns dark." "You'll need a horse." "I was going to help myself to one.

This ain't no time to stand on ceremony," said Hicks shortly. "Slosson shouldn't be left in the lurch like this-or your brother's

"They'll have to figure it out for



The Planter's Knees Knocked To gether.

friends would break jail for him, that to find him guilty; but there's Hues, Hicks. what about him?" He paused. The two men looked at each other for a long moment. "Where did they carry the cap-

tain?"

"I don't know." "It looks like the Clan was in heil-fired hole-but shucks! What will be easier than to fix Hues?-and while they're fixing folks they'd better not overlook that old fellow Price. He's got some notion about Fentress and the boy." Mr. Hicks did not consider it necessary to explain that he was himself largely responsible for

"How do you know that?" demanded Ware

"He as good as said so." Hicks looked uneasily at the planter. He

appear against him, no jury will dare | themselves, same as me," rejoined

"You can stop there as you go by." "No." said Hicks. "I never did believe in this damn foolishness about the girl, and I won't go near George's

"I don't ask you to go there; you can give them the signal from the head of the bayou. All I want is for you to stop and light a fire on the shore. They'll know what that means, I'll give you a horse and fifty doilars for the job."

Hicks' eyes sparkled, but he only said: "Make it twice that and maybe we

can deal. Racked and tortured, Ware hesttated; but the sun was slipping into the west; his windows blazed with the hot light.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Masterpiece Gone to Waste. The very seedy looking young man made his way with difficulty down the

New York's best hotels, says the Pop-

ular Magazine, and knocked loudly at

the end of all things - ruination and grief!" "Well, what it is?" lazily inquired

the drowsy man, without opening the Whereupon the seedy-looking young

man, leaning against the door and lifting his voice to a howi, replied: "I called up my wife on the long-distance telephone last night and told her why I had not returned. I gave

her a perfectly good excuse. And now Fault of a Great Many.

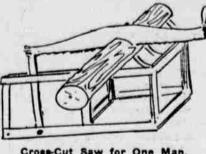
The chief of all abuses is to imagin that we are the center of the universe



DPERATING CROSS-CUT SAW

Arrangement for One Man Described and Illustrated-Blocks Keep Log From Rolling.

Very often two men cannot be had saw, and in such cases it is necessary to have a saw that one man-can The slot in which the upright lever



Cross-Cut Saw for One Man.

works should be kept well oiled, in order that it may move easily. course this is not as satisfactory when two men work a saw, but it is a great help when the other man cannot be had.

Idea That Injury Is Done by Application Is Utter Absurdity, Says Indiana Bulletin.

The utter absurdity of the idea that the use of a ton or two of limestone per acre may seriously injure the soil. says an Indiana bulletin, becomes at once apparent when it is recalled that limestone soils are world famous for their fertility, and have been for generations. The real trouble with some of the soils in our eastern states which are said to have been injured by the use of lime is lack of organic matter and nitrogen as much as anything else.

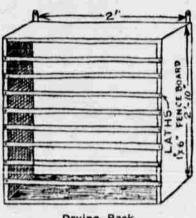
This lack of organic matter and nitrogen is traceable, in both cases, mainly to poor rotations or none at all, poor care of manure or the production of an insufficient amount, and burning or selling straw and stover, and the final results seem to have been largely independent of the use or nonuse of lime. This statement must not be taken to mean that lime the frame down till it rests on the botnever exerts an unfavorable effect, but rather that a good part of the unfa- ing-box rests on this frame; and if vorable effect general attributed to it is in reality due to poor methods of the packing is poured around the of farming.

Lime is simply made a convenient excuse, a scapegoat, just as is commercial fertilizer in certain sections. and with no more reason.

DRYING RACK FOR SEED CORN

Cheap Device, Made of Fence Boards, Is Shown in the Illustration-Holds 75 Ears.

The same day seed corn is gathered it should be put in a dry place where there is free circulation of air, to dry it thoroughly. Where corn is piled in a heap to dry the result is moldy seed ears. The illustration shows a cheap rack for drying seed corn, writes Claude R. Abbey of Hopkins, Mo., in the Missouri Farmer. The frame is made of a fence board. Laths nailed on front and back serve as



Drying Rack.

shelves. The rack is 2 feet 10 inches long by 2 feet wide. Laths are placed 8 inches apart, and the rack is large enough for 75 large ears. It can be fastened on the wall or set on the

Impure Seeds. It is high time that farmers should know what they sow on their land. When clover is wanted, nothing else should be sown; when red top is

be

scattered over the land. But people have been far too care-They have bought blindly and sowed the seed without knowing what they were planting. At the Connecticut experiment station a sample of clover seed was examined that contained 78,000 weed seeds to the

wanted, only this species should

pound. Seed of this kind would be extremely dear as a gift. Know what you are buying, and buy only pure seed.

Use of Spreader Best. The piling of manure in small lots

as it is hauled afield may have some points in its favor, but from the standpoint of realizing the largest possible good from the fertilizing elements contained it is plainly a gumes has his eyes closed to some o poorer method than scattering from the the biggest opportunities in farming spreader.

Handled in this way, the soluble portion of the fertilizers that the manure contains soaks at once into the soil while if oe manure is but in piles there is a loss by chemical ably by belas allowed to swear of changes and the escape of gases.

WAYS TO CURE PEAVINE HAY

Where Grass Is Allowed to Remain Spread on Ground Water Runs Off Without Injuring Crop.

We have tried several ways of curing peavine and other kinds of hay, says a farm writer, but the way we now practice is to let hay lie just as the machine cuts it until it is about cured, or we get ready to haul it in. Don't get seared if it rains on your hay. Rain will not hurt hay very much, "only in appearance," if it gets wet before it is raked into windrows or piled up in small piles.

We used to think that rain would ruin hay, but about six years ago one morning I mowed a field of peas. cane and crabgrass. That same day another one of my neighbors cut hay. and after two days of sunshine there at the same time to operate a cross-cut set in a wet spell of about two weeks. My neighbor, having plenty of help. raked his hay and piled it in small use. This can be easily accomplished. piles, but I did not have help and did Bolt one end of the saw to a hardwood not touch mine. The result was this: stick two inches wide by one inch At the end of two weeks my neighthick, or a stiff bar of iron is better. bor's hay piles were wet through and Bolt the other end to the bottom rotten. I examined my hay and decidof the frame. Blocks on either side ed that it was worth saving, so raked of the log will keep it from rolling | it up and everything ate it very well. Since then I do not get so scared when I see a cloud coming up, because if hay is spread on the ground the water will pass through it to the ground. But if it is bunched up and gets wet it is almost sure to turn black and rot.

PACKING CASE FOR WINTER

Inexpensive Box That Does Away With Usual Extra Cover and Bottom Board Is Illustrated.

Last year I used a winter case which very inexpensive, as it does away with the usual extra cover and bottomboard. The box is six inches larger all around at the bottom edge than the hive, and tapers up to a point about a foot above the hive, where it is small enough to take the regular LIME NOT HARMFUL TO SOIL cover. If made any shallower it comes too close to the top edge of the hive and prevents pouring the packing around the hive. To close the opening below I make a frame of six-inch stuff the same size inside as the outside of the hive, says H. A.



Smith of Palermo, Ont., in the Glean ings in Bee Culture. When ready to pack I slip the hive forward on its bottom about one inch, and then slip tom at the front and back. The packthe box is held in position until some hive it will not move off its frame afterward.

If the box is made of half-inch matched lumber it will not leak; but if made of plain lumber it should be covered with tar felt.

Rye as a Summer Cover.

There are farmers who sow rye in the corn during the last cultivation. The rye makes a summer cover, utilizing some of the nitrogen that might be wasted under the influence of the summer sun; it makes fine grazing for pigs, calves, horses and cows in early fall and during winter; it sup plies the soil with needed humus when the land is turned. This is not by any means a bad practice.

Indicates Sour Soil. If any one of the several kinds of sorrel is found growing on a piece of land it is pretty safe to assume that the soil is sour and needs sweetening with an application of lime. Besides this it may be that the tract is not properly drained, in which case it strike one obstacle." should be tiled in addition to being sweetened.

Saving Cowpea Seed. Cowpea seed are scarce and high. Many who would plant their stubble land in peas may not get seed. Every farmer and ranchman should save plenty of cowpea seed so that

this valuable legume may help build up the soil. Potatoes for Seed. The heaviest yielding hills of pota toes are not always the best for seed, the number of plants in the hill must

Bees and Stacking grain improves its quality.

be taken into consideration.

Remove the pumpkin seeds before teeding. The cowpea should have a warm eed bed for best development.

If preparing to ship potatoes see to ordering the cars early-especially this fall It is the work of filling the silo

that is keeping it from being built on every farm The first big need of the majority of the older corn belt soils is limestone and legumes.

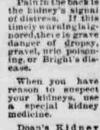
A shed of crotches and poles, covered with straw, is cheap, warm and businesslike.

The ability to produce profit is standard by which all farm stock must be measured.

Muddy and unclean stable yards are always sources of loss because of their unsanitary condition. The farmer who is not raising le

Keep the stable yards clean. Ther is no place that is more prelifie preeding flies than a fifthy barn you Crain that has been discolered the shock will be improved consider for "cure" in the stack.

BACKACHE A SIGNAL OF DISTRESS Pain in the back is



Doan's Ridney Pilis relieve weak congested kidneys cure backache regulate the urine Good proof in the following state

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THOUGHT HE KNEW THE SIGNS Aged Darkey Could See Nothing to His Passenger Except a Man

Instituting Lodges. Bob Hull, the champion story teller of Savannah, had occasion lately to take a business trip into interior Georgia. He took his golf clubs with him, intending to stop on his way for a match on the famous links at

Augusta. He dropped off the train at his business destination—a small town on a branch road—and carrying his luggage climbed into an ancient hack and bade the driver, who was an old negro man, take him to the local hotel.

The negro eyed the queer-looking yellow leather bag that his passenger carried with the peculiar-looking sticks in it. His curiosity got the best of him finally. "Boss," he began, "please, suh,

scuse me-but mout I ax you a ques "Go ahead and ask," said Mr. Hull. "What kind of a lodge is you insti-

utin'?"-Saturday Evening Post. SMILING MARTYRDOM.



Gine Although the iceman brings to you A lump exceedingly small, You don't complain, for if you do He may not come at all.

Like Mushrooms.

As they emerged from the subway station they were confronted by a giant skyscraper rising into the blue. 'What building is that?" she asked, not being an habitue of the downtown district. "I don't know," he replied. She looked at him in surprise, this quarter of New York being his daily locale. "No," he insisted wearily. "I don't know. It wasn't there yesterday."-New York Press.

A Paradoxical Ballot. "I should think the women voting in the new suffrage states would "What is that?"

"How can the matrons of a party cast their maiden vote?"

Precaution. Chimmle-Hey, Maggie, hold dis bag o' peanuts fer me fer a minutehere comes a poor relation o' mine!-Life.

family if she can't take something old and make over it into something new. HARD TO SEE.

A woman has no business with a

Even When the Facts About Coffee are Plain. It is curious how people will refuse

to believe what one can clearly see. Tell the average man or woman that the slow but cumulative poisonous effect of caffeine-the alkaloid in tea and coffee tends to weaken the heart, upset the nervous system and cause indigestion, and they may laugh at you if they don't know the facts. Prove it by science or by practical

demonstration in the recovery of cof-

fee drinkers from the above condi-

tions, and a large per cent of the human family will shrug their shoulders. take some drugs and-keep on drinking coffee or tea. "Coffee never agreed with me nor with several members of our household," writes a lady. "It enervates, depresses and creates a feeling of

languor and heaviness. It was only by leaving off coffee and using Postum that we discovered the cause and way out of these ills. Postum is not used altogether to the exclusion of ordinary coffee is, many persons do not know and do not seem willing to learn the facts and how to

"The only reason, I am sure, why prepare this nutritious beverage. There's only one way-according to directions-boil it fully 15 minutes. Then it is delicious." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever rend the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are getuine, true, and full of human interest. Adv.

## Mongols Live in Saddle

Become Nation of Legiess

The Mongols, Russia's new proteges and subjects to be, are quite a different race of mankind from the Chinese, Manchus, Russians or Japanse, says the Manchester (England)

People.

Every Mongol (even the women. who all ride astride) is a horseman, and so used is he to spending his whole active life on horseback that practically he has lost the use of his legs for walking purposes, and shuffles along only a few yards at a time, encumbered by his heavy skin clothing, on limbs shriveled by disuse and by grasping the horse and crooked from the habit of riding extremely

high in very short stirrups. The Chinese have always applied the graphic terms "horseback states" to the Huns, Turks, Avars and Monsols who are practically all varieties

Russia's New Proteges Are Likely to of one people, and have always extended from the Yalu to the Volga. They are, and always have been, nomads. Grass and water are their only "property" and absolute need, for hey are, tribe for tribe, invariably accompanied on the move after pasture by thousands of horses, cattle, goats,

sheep, camels-never pigs. Thus from ancient times they have always been in a position to send 200. 000 to 500,000 horsemen rapidly to any point; mountains and big rivers are the only serious obstacles; at a pinch raw meat enough for ten days' campaign can be "cocked" on the rapid march by placing it between the saddle and the sweating horse, if this vast movable force should be virulzed again under Russian suprem

How She Got Fresh Eggs. A young lady living to a small city | that appear in this pager. Now is the had impaired her health by too confin- time to begin

acy there are those who say that

nothing in Asia can resist it.

ing work in a city office. Her physician ordered her to a sanitarium for rest and upbuilding, and when she returned to work he instructed her to corridor on the ninth floor of one of eat four fresh laid eggs daily; two eggs for breakfast and the others raw in milk. Finding it difficult to obtain dependably fresh eggs she persuaded her mother to permit her having a small flock in the home yard. A portable house was purchased and fifteen pullets installed in it. A small brother was paid ten cents a week to feed and care for the flock, two bags of readymixed food were bought and the result of the venture was not only all the oges the young lady needed and a supply for the family, but there was a surplus which found a ready market at the corner drug store, bringing ten cents a dozen above the market price. -The Christian Herald.

Buccess

Is sitained by doing the right thing again and again, until it becomes a achit. One of the best habits you can torm is to read the advertisements

his friend's door. Anguish was written on his face and wrinkles on his clothes. He was a walking sign of what it meant to spend a hard night. "What's the matter?" called out the sleepy friend. "Matter? It's a tragedy, a death,

can't remember what it was!"